

J U L I 83

OR,

THE ITALIAN LOVER.

A TRAGEDY.

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

L O N D O N.

BY ROBERT JEPHSON, ESQ.

Author of BRAGANZA, THE LAW OF LOMBARDY, and
the COUNTESS OF NARBONNE, &c.

— *primus amor deceptam morte sefellit.* VIRG.

D U B L I N:

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M,DCC,LXXIV.11.



TO
HIS GRACE
CHARLES, DUKE OF RUTLAND;
KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER
OF THE GARTER,
LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND,

Sec. Sec. Sec.

IN TESTIMONY OF UNALTERABLE ESTEEM,
AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE,

THIS TRAGEDY IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS GRACE'S MUCH OBLIGED,

AND MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

DUBLIN-CASTLE,
April 21, 1787.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

DUKE of GENOA.	Mr. PACKER.
DURAZZO, a nobleman of } Genoa, father of Julia,	Mr. BENSLEY.
MENTEVOLÉ, a young } nobleman of Genoa, in } love with Julia,	Mr. KEMBLE.
MARCELLUS, a young no- } bleman, son of Fulvia,	Mr. PALMER.
CAMILLO, his cousin and } friend.	Mr. WHITFIELD.
MANOA, a merchant,	Mr. AIKIN.

W O M E N.

FULVIA, mother of Mar- } cellus,	Mrs. WARD.
JULIA, daughter of Du- } razzo,	Mrs. SIDDONS.
OLYMPIA, her friend, sis- } ter of Mentevole.	Mrs. BRERETON.
NERINA, attendant of } Julia	Mrs. TIDSWELL.

Officer, Guards, and Attendants.

S C E N E, G E N O A.

P R O L O G U E.

BY MR. EDMUND MALONE.

Spoken by Mr. KIMBLE.

FROM Thespis' days to this enlighten'd hour,
The stage has shown, the dire abuse of power ;
What mighty mischief from ambition springs,
The fate of heroes, and the fall of kings.
But these high themes, howe'er adorn'd by art,
Have seldom gain'd the passes of the heart ;
Calm, we behold the pompous mimic woe,
Unmov'd by sorrows we can never know.
Far other feelings in the soul arise,
When private griefs arrest our ears and eyes ;
When the false friend, and blameless, suffer'ing wife,
Reflect the image of domestic life :
And still more wide the sympathy, more keen,
When to each breast responsive is the scene,
And the fine chords that ev'ry heart intwine,
Dilated, vibrate with the glowing line.—
Such is the theme, that now demands your ear,
And claims the silent plaudit of a tear.
One tyrant passion, all mankind must prove,
The balm or poison of our lives—is *love*.
Love's sov'reign sway extends o'er ev'ry clime.
Nor owns a limit or of space or time.
For love, the generous fair one has sustain'd
More poignant ills than ever poet feign'd.
For love, the maid partakes her lover's tomb,
Or pines long life out in sad soothless gloom.

Ne'er

P R O L O G U E.

Ne'er shall oblivion shroud the Grecian wife *;
 Who gave her own to save a husband's life.
 With her contending, see our Edward's bride,
 Inhaling poison from his mangled side :
 Nor less, though proud of intellectual sway,
 Does haughty man the tyrant power obey ;
 From youth to age by love's wild tempest tost,
 For love, even mighty kingdoms has he lost.
 Vain—wealth, and fame, and fortune's soft'ning care †,
 If no fond breast the splendid blessings share ;
 And, each day's dust'ling pageantry once past,
There, only there, his bliss is found at last.
 For woes fictitious oft your eyes have glow'd ;
 Your cheeks for wrongs imaginary glow'd.
 To night, our poet means not to assail
 Your throbbing bosoms with a fancy'd tale,
 Scarce sixty suns their annual course have roll'd,
 Since all was real that our scenes unfold.
 To touch your breasts with no unpleasant pain,
 The muse's magic bids them live again ;
 Bids mingled characters, as once in life,
 Resume their functions, and renew their strife ;
 While pride, revenge, and jealousy's wild rage,
 Rouse all the genius of th' impassion'd stage.

* — *Speclant subventem fata mariti;*

Alcestem. Juv.

† “ Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm”

“ With favour never clasp'd.” *Timon of Athens.*

EPILOGUE.

Written by JOHN COURTENAY, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.

THOUGH tender sighs breathe in the tragic page,
What lover now complains—but on the stage,
No suitor now attempts his rival's life,
But lets him take that cordial balme—a wife :
And yet, to prove his pure and constant flame,
Still loves his mistress in the wedded dame ;
Still courts his friend, and still devoutly bows
At the fair shrine where first he breath'd his vows.
For love, she knows some gratitude is due,
Searches her heart, and finds there's room for two :
And often sees, her coy reluctance o'er,
Good cause to prize her *careless* more.
Thus modish wives, with sentimental spirit,
May go astray, to prove their husband's merit,
Or ope the door, in this commodious age,
Without death's aid, to 'scape from wedlock's cage.—
Abjuring rules, that men will seem romance,
Love's gayer system we import from France ;
Rescind politely our old English *due*,
And take off all restraints from wine and beauty ;
While lighter manners cheer our native gloom,
As Spanish wool refines the British loom.

Had fashion's law of old, such influence shed,
The raptur'd Claudio ne'er had timeless bed ;
His bliss with joy Montevole had seen,
And Julia's favorite Cicerio had been.
The assiduous lover, and the husband bland,
Like Brentford's kings, had still walk'd hand in hand ;
Together still had shewn at park and play,
Quaffing the fragrance of the same bouquet.

Our

EPILOGUE

Our varlet poet, with licentious speech,
 Thus far our injur'd sex has dar'd *impeach*.
 The female character thus rudely flurr'd,
 'Tis fit at last, that *I* should have a word.—
 First then, without rejoinder or dispute,
 This *virtuous* circle might each *charge* refute.
 That 'tis a *nuptial age*, I sure may say,
 With their own wives when husbands run away.—
 But truce with jest. How'er the wits may rail,
 The cause of truth and virtue must prevail.
 Of former times whatever may be told,
 We are just as good as e'er they were of old.
 Connubial love here long has fix'd his throne,
 And bliss is ours, to foreign climes unknown.
 If now and then a tripping fair is found,
 On scandal's wing's the buzzing tale flies round :
 While blameless *thousands*, in sequester'd life,
 Adorn each state of parent, friend and wife ;
 From private cares ne'er wish abroad to roam,
 And bless, each day, the sunshine of their home ;
 Unnoticed keep their noiseless happy course,
 Nor dream of second wedlock or divorce.—
 I see the verdict's our's ; you smile applause ;
 So, with your leave, again I'll plead our cause ;
 New triumphs nightly o'er this railer gain,
 And to the last our female rights maintain.

J U L I A :

OR THE

ITALIAN LOVER.

A C T I.

SCENE I. A PLATFORM.

Marcellus supporting Manoa.—Attendants behind.

Marc. **L**OOK up, fir, you are safe—the tempest's wildness
Seems hush'd on shore. Where was your vessel bound?

Manoa. Ancona was her port. The hurricane
Baffled our pilot's skill, and drove us headlong,
Just as your ship made good her anchorage,

B

On

On the sharp rock where you beheld her split.
 All my companions, fifty luckless men,
 Sunk in my sight, and I had shar'd their fate
 Had not your strong arm sav'd me. But alas!
 We are in Genoa, if my eyes deceive not.

Marc. The same

Manoa. Too well I know it. Shield
 me Heaven!

For what am I reserv'd!

Marc.

I hope to lose

The mem'ry of your griefs in comfort here.

Manoa. Oh no, to lose my life if I am found
 here.

Manc. Pray let me know your story. By your
 habit

I guess you are not of our faith or nation.

Manoa. I am by birth of Syria, but here so-
 journ'd

Twice twenty years in wealth and fair repute,
 Till Christian malice, or my nation's curse,
 Or both combining, turn'd me forth a wand'rer.
 Look there! that very mansion once was mine.

Marc. I now recall some traces of that face:
 Your name is Manoa?

Manoa.

Ay, that wretch am I.

Thou hast an aspect so benign and noble,
 Thou could'st not injure me.

Marc.

Myself much rather.

Manoa. This state for its late levies 'gainst the
 Turk

Call'd on all traffickers for sums of gold:
 Our tribe at my persuasion furnish'd them
 On rates so easy to the borrowers,
 The native merchants offers were refused,
 And public clamour and disgrace pursu'd them:
 Thence grew their hate. Of black and monf-
 trous crimes,

Avouch'd on oath by witnesses suborn'd,

They

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They charg'd me, guiltless. Flight alone was left.

To save my hunted life.

Marc. And I remember,

'Twas rumour'd you had perish'd by the sea

Attempting your escape, and so believ'd;

Knaves call'd your fate a judgment.

Manoa.

To prevent

A hot pursuit, the Hebrews here in Genoa

By common concert spread abroad that rumour.

The death they feign'd, this morning, but for the,

My brave preserver! had indeed o'er'taken me.

Marc. I can do more to serve you. Name your wish.

Manoa. At present this. Not far from hence resides

The lord Durazzo, whose great wealth and power,

As Heaven sends dews and sunshine, are dispens'd

To gladden every humble thing beneath them.

Let your men help me there, for I am feeble,

And this disguise may save me from the note

Of those who'd pass, tho' in this slothful city.

Few leave their down so early.

Marc.

Sir, farewell!

You shall hear more of me.

Manoa.

Accept my prayers.

My heart's too full to speak the thanks I owe you.

(Exit Manoa with Attendants.)

SCENE II. Marcellus alone looking after him.

He has been surely wrong'd.

Camillo passes over the Stage.

But who goes there?

B 2

I cannot

I cannot sure mistake him ; 'tis Camillo.
Good kinsman turn, and own a friend who loves
you.

Camillo returns.

Cam. A gentle invitation !—ha ! Marcellus !
Welcome once more to Genoa, my dear cousin !
We heard you had escap'd, with some slight hurts,
That bloody, ling'ring business there at Candia.
But, such fierce storms of late have swept our coasts,
Our fears were, lest the angry elements,
Leagu'd being alike against the Christian cross,
Might prove worse foes even than the Infidels.

Marc. We had rough weather ; but our sturdy
bark

Outrode it. Is my mother well ? At leisure
I shall fatigue your ear with other questions,
My ignorance and your kindness must excuse.

Cam. You have not seen her then ?

Marc. No : I arriv'd
Within this hour, and, knowing how she lov'd,
Lov'd even to dotage my poor brother Claudio,
(Lost by a fate so strange and horrible)
I would not rush at once into her presence,
Till some kind friend like you should first inform
me,

How best to assuage her grief, and hide my own.

Cam. Thought like a son ! for, oh, his vanish'd
form,

Again presented in your living likeness,
Will with the strong extreme convulse her soul,
And joy so mix'd with anguish doubly shake her.

Marc. 'Twas what I fear'd, Camillo ! I must try
then

To fix her fond attention on myself,
And shun that direful theme.

Cam.

Direful indeed !

How my heart shrinks even now to think of it !

'Tis

'Tis ever present to her tortur'd fancy,
And we, who daily see her, have observ'd
Our care to give the current of her thoughts
A diff'rent course, but swells up her impatience.
You know the lady Fulvia's ardent temper,
How sudden, yet how strong in every feeling.

Marc. Our burning mountains when their fires
burst forth,

Rage not more fiercely than her breast inflam'd.
But is it possible in all this time
(Months after months elapsed) no light, no spark,
Might guide to a discovery, has been trac'd?
The Turkish gallies so o'erspread the sea,
My letters rarely reach'd me while at Candia.

Cam. What have you heard?

Marc. But thus much, and no more.

Two days ere that for his intended marriage
With lovely Julia, lord Durazzo's daughter,
Was Claudio missing: Two days more were pass'd
In fruitless search and sad anxiety,
When, on the fifth, some weary mariners,
Flying for shelter from a furious storm
'Midst the white cavern's on the western shore,
A mile from Genoa, found his lifeless body:
In his clench'd hand was his own blood-stain'd
sword,

And in his manly breast a mortal wound.

Cam. And there ends all our knowledge. Pro-
clamation

Of vast rewards to find his murderer
Is still abroad through all th'Italian states.
The untouch'd jewels of his costly habit
(Bright and conspicuous) clearly manifest

'Twas not the crime of men who kill for spoil.

Marc. Alas! Camillo; well I know the place,
When we were boys it was our fav'rite haunt.
He could not sure have fallen by his own sword?

Cam. Impossible. A thought so black and sullen
Ne'er dimm'd the sunshine of his cheerful breast.

The

The joy he long had sigh'd for in his reach,
 Possess'd of all that gilds the morn of life,
 And each gay prospect bright'ning to his hopes,
 Besides, the exalted tenor of his mind
 Too firm and full for wild extremities,
 They crush that black conclusion. Nay, the skil-
 ful,

Who search'd the wound with closest art and care,
 Pronounc'd it, not the execrable work
 Of his own sword, but some assassin's steel.

Marc. May wakeful conscience, like a writhing
 snake,

If still he lives, curl round the villain's heart,
 With sharpest venom to consume and gnaw him!
 I know our base, Italian, stabbing spirit;
 In the close art of murder none excel us.
 We tread the very earth, breathe the same air,
 With our old Latian fires; but for their virtues,
 As well might eagles rustle their large plumes
 Where owlets roost and filthy kites engender,
 As they find shelter in our dastard bosoms.

Cam. Let others rail; but thine's a nobler task,
 To shame degeneracy by fair example:
 For; twenty forward spirits, like thine own,
 Might shake this state from its inglorious trance,
 And rouse our sloth to gallant enterprize.

Marc. I left it a luxurious, worthless city,
 Proud of its trash, its wealth; if such I find it,
 I will not strike my lazy root at home,
 To rot in rank, contagious apathy,
 But seek again a scene of vigorous action.
 Th'unskillful perseverance of the Turk
 Still wakes excitement for a soldier's ardor.
 But who are those so earnest in discourse,
 This way they move?

Cam.

Durazzo is the eldest.

Marc. Fair Julia's father, him I know. The
 other?

Cam.

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Cam. Mentevole his name, a noble youth,
And suitor (hopelessly I think) to Julia,
Tho vulgar fame calls him a favor'd wooer.
But this report, startling your mother's ear,
(Who brooks no slight to her son's memory)
Has much estrang'd her from Durazzo's house,
And thus the bonds of their long amity,
The lie with many mouths has puff'd asunder.

Marc. My care shall be to re-unite their friend-
ship.

But how must I esteem Mentevole?

Cam. As one accomplish'd, brave, and liberal.
Soon after your departure for the siege
He came from travel home, and was to Claudio
A second self.

Marc. So shall he be to me.
I'll wear him here. But go thou to my mother,
Prepare her for my coming. For a moment,
Leave me to greet this venerable lord,
And beg his introduction to the stranger.

(Exit Camillo.)

SCENE III. To him Durazzo, Mentevole.

The ruddy hue your visage owns, my lord,
I see with pleasure is sound health's true ensign;
Your eye's quick spirit too proclaims you fresh
As when the race of careless youth began.

Dur. Such is your wish, Marcellus; and I thank
you.

Oh welcome to thy country! that smooth cheek
Has chang'd its down for manhood since I saw
thee.

Thou art shot up to such a lusty growth,
But for those well known kindred lineaments,
I scarce durst swear, thou wert that playful boy,
Whose frolics used to mar our gravity,
And make us smile while chiding.

Marc.

Cam.

Marc. I remember
Your goodness always, now must beg your favor
To recommend me to this lord's esteem,
As by the title of my brother's friend,
He claims already mine.

Dur. Mentevole!
Give him your hand.

Ment. My heart too, 'twas his brother's
And by that pledge grows thus at once acquainted.

Dur. Marcellus! you must tell me of your wars,
Your mines, your sallies, ambuscades, and dan-
gers.

Tho' now 'tis long since I was cas'd in steel,
The crescent of our swarthy foe has felt me.

Marc. They are sluggish soldiers, but right ob-
stinate;

So numerous too, it seems an easier task
To kill, than count them. Now twice fifty thou-
sand,

And more, have fallen in facking one poor isle,
Yet, like light foam chaf'd by the curling surge,
Each hour new turbans whiten round its shores.
But yet I have not visited my mother,
And she by this expects me.

Dur. Get thee to her,
Unhappy lady! may your presence cheer her.
(Exit Marcellus.)

SCENE IV. Durazzo, Mentevole.

Dur. Is he not like to Claudio?

Ment. Rather say,
Is't not himself as ere the tomb receiv'd him?
But, dear my lord! by all that charm'd your
youth,

Forgive me, tho' I seem importunate:
Oh win your daughter to accept my vows;—
For I have lov'd to such a mad extreme

So

So stor'd up every thought of happiness
In that fond hope, should I prove bankrupt there,
I dare not look to earth or heaven for comfort.

Dur. Mentevole ! I doubt not of your love,
My daughter too believes it ; a feign'd passion
Speaks not your fervent language.

Ment. A feign'd passion !

Thus hear me swear.

Dur. Oaths are unnecessary.

My tongue has not been niggard of your praise,
I have try'd entreaties too ; a harsh command,
Heard with repugnancy, that she should love,
Because her anxious father deems it meet,
Or you would have it so, might change at once
Th' indifference you complain of to aversion.
Thus the calm lake, which slept at peace before,
Turns a strong tide, and sets against your wishes.

Ment. Oh the degrees, my lord I are infinite,
Between a harsh command, and such persuasion,
As every day the fondest parents use
In tender strife with a coy maid's reluctance.
Were I to plead as a fee'd advocate
But for a scanty rood of barren earth,
I should account me faithless to my charge,
My rhetoric o'erpriz'd at one poor ducat,
Did I neglect a gloss or argument,
Might sway th' unwilling judge to my decision.

Dur. Instruct me to speed better, I shall thank
you.

Ment. My words, my action should have life
and grace,

I'd probe his reason, try his every humour,
Wind to his inmost soul, grow to his eye,
Watch where impression stole upon his sense,
There ply my strength where most I found him
weak,

Nor cease to urge till I had conquer'd him.

Dur. Passion thus blindfold sees no obstacle.

Young

Young man, young man! be calm awhile, and hear me.

Ment. Yet tell me not my suit is desperate ;
Soothe, though you cannot heal, and I will listen,

As if my life hung on each sound you utter'd,
And death, and inattention were the same.

Dur. You knew long since, to see my daughter wedded,

Without a variance 'twixt her choice and mine,
Was my prime wish. Malignant destiny
Mar'd that fair prospect. The assassin's stab,
Had well nigh pierc'd with one pernicious stroke,
Two faithful breasts. Anguish unutterable
On her soft frame laid such a deadly grasp,
Too long I trembled for her life and reason.

Ment. Spare me, my lord, oh spare me the remembrance !

It harrows me too deeply.

Dur.

Can you question

I wish to see her unavailing sorrow
Chang'd for gay festivals and bridal joy ?
Or think you, that supinely I can view
(Thus childless but in her) my house's honours,
My large estates, sunk in a virgin's tomb,
Or scatter'd 'mongst remote, and thankless kindred,

When, from alliance with your well-match'd love,
Such near and natural heirs might spring to bless me ?

Ment. Why grant it all ; yet how have I prevail'd ?

My presence she endures, for you desir'd it :
Yet, if the only theme can touch me nearly,
But trembles from my tongue, her cheek turns pale,

Her blood runs back, as mustering to her heart,
To fortify th'access more strong against me.

I pity

I pity
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Dur

Urge

Olymp
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I pity him, who thinks he has known distress,
And never felt the pang of hopeless love :
The consummation of all other ills
Is light and trivial to that misery.

Dur. Time may do much, nor shall my aid be
wanting.

Urge me no more, nor doubt me. Your kind
sister

Olympia, the companion she holds dear,
May unperceiv'd watch every soft approach,
And steal a lover's image on her fancy.
And see she comes.—No more. I go to serve you.
(*Exit Durazzo.*)

SCENE V. *Mentevole alone.*

He goes to serve me ! let his feeble breath
Turn ice to fire, wake in her frozen bosom
Such hot consuming flames as I feel here.
Oh I could sluice my veins, mangle this form,
This common form, that wants the pow'r to move
her,

SCENE VI. *To him Olympia.*

Tell me, Olympia, are not women woo'd
By constancy and deep protested oaths,
By living on their smiles, by nice attentions,
By yielding up our reason to their humors,
By adoration of their beauty's power,
By sighs and tears, by flattery, kneeling, fawn-
ing ?

Tell me how many ways a manly mind
Must be debas'd to win a lady's smile.

Olymp. That, which by baseness only can be
gain'd,

Were better undesir'd. But say, good brother !
Why do you question with such angry haste ?
And what strange fury ruffles all your mien ?

Give

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Give me your hand ! it burns, you are not well.
Your mind, unquiet, severs thus your blood.

Ment. No, no, a woman's coldness. Your fair friend ;

Teach her to smile, and my distemper dies.

Olymp. She has no sense of joy. That beautiful flower

Bows its sweet head o'er Claudio's bloody grave.

Ment. Must that eternal sound grate on me still ?

Hast thou been faithful to me ? Hast thou told her

How thou hast seen these lids, even at her name,
Swell with unbidden tides of melting fondness ?

Whole nights how I have fill'd thy patient ear,
And she my only theme ? How many times,
When chance has given her beauties to my sight,
Thou hast beheld me, trembling, try to speak,
And gaze away my meaning ?

Olymp. Nay, my lord !
Endeavours true as mine disdain suspicion.

Yet, let me say, if she should ne'er consent——

Ment. How's that ! take heed!—if she should ne'er consent !

Put not my life on chilling supposition :

Make it the doubt, Olympia ! of a moment,
And, tho' thou art my sister, and a dear one,
By Heaven ! I almost think that I shall hate thee.
For here I swear, (deeply and calmly swear it)
The hour which sees me desperate of her love,
Shall be my last.

Olymp. For shame, be more a man !

Ment. By the great power which gave me sense
and being,

I'll wretch from fate my folly's chastisement,
And this right hand shall end me.

Olymp. Oh it shocks me !
To hear with what devout impiety,

Thou

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Thou dar'st call Heaven the witness of an oath,
Outrageous to its own bless'd Providence.

Ment. Well, be it as it may, I have sworn it.
Knows she that young Marcellus is arriv'd?

Olymp. Yes; and the pleasing tidings, for a moment,

Dispell'd the cloud that dimm'd her beauteous eyes.

Instant she begg'd me, and with warmth unusual,

To bear her greetings to his mother Fulvia:

I now was on my way.

Ment. Then bear thy message:
Go! be the agent to destroy thy brother.

This compliment, I know, is but the prelude,

T' invite a second Claudio in Marcellus.

Olymp. If peace be worth a wish, and love be such

In every other bosom as in thine,

Let the short story on my grave-stone tell,

Nor loving, nor belov'd, Olympia died.

Ment. You never wish'd more wisely. But for—
give me!

Pardon my infirmity! 'Tis too like madness.

Olymp. 'Tis worse; for madmen have their intervals:

Thine's an eternal rage.

Ment. Go not in anger!

Return! I will be calm—return Olympia!

Thus on my knee let me entreat you hear me!

(*Offering to kneel*)

Olymp. Pray rise! we may be seen. What is't?
go on.

Ment. I have a never-failing instinct here,
Which prompts me what to dread:—This young
Marcellus—

Olymp. Well, what of him?

Ment. I know will see her shortly.

Crowd all thy faculties into thine eye,

Read his reception keenly; mark him too,

C

And

And give me note of every circumstance,
Their words, their looks, let not a glance escape
 'thee.

Promise me so, and from this hour, Olympia!

Thy prudence shall be my sole counsellor:

Tho' you enjoin me to be blind and mute,

I'll bear it patient as the tutor'd child,

Whose fond instructor smiles and teaches him.

Olymp. Keep these conditions, and command my
 service.

I linger here too long. Remember patience!

(Exit Olympia.)

SCENE VII. *Mentevole alone.*

And what more likely? He is Claudio's brother,

Noble as he, and deck'd too with the plume

Of brave adventure in the Candian war,

Younger, and not less comely. She may call it
(As women make shrew'd logic for their likings)

Truth to the memory of her former vows,

To embrace the living brother, for the dead,

And so find faith in her inconstancy.

I know not why, my genius shrinks at him.

The very fear craves vengeance like a wrong.

Beware, gay stripling! no degenerate awe

Of what may be, can check my fiery course.

She must be mine, and shall be. For the means,

Or good, or ill, necessity must shape them.

(Exit Mentevole.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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A C T II.

SCENE I. A CHAMBER.

Julia, alone at a table, putting up papers, which she has been reading; she presses them passionately to her heart, kisses them, and speaks

Julia. **D**EAR sad remembrances! my tears have stain'd you.

Oh foolish drops, wash not away my treasure.
Unenvied, unobserv'd, and solitary,
Let me indulge this luxury of grief:
My Claudio's soul was pour'd out on these papers,
And every little word recalls him to me,
Lovely, belov'd, in beauty's manly bloom,
Protelling welcome vows, and breathing passion.

SCENE II. To her Olympia.

Return'd so speedily? My gentle friend!
Your cares are so preventive of my wishes,
I shall begin to expect beyond all bounds,
And grow presuming from too much indulgence.

Olymp. From Fulvia and her son, I bring my
Julia

A thousand kind endearments. Both together,
With cordial acceptation, heard your message,
And presently both mean to visit you.

Julia. Why does not pleasure kindle thro' my
frame,

And mount up to my cheeks, at such glad tidings?

The time has been I should have glow'd at this,
Counting th' impatient moments till her coming :
But my repining heart deserves no blessings.

Olymp. To labour to forget I know is vain ;
The fond endeavour toils against itself,
And deeper graves the idea, 'twould efface.
Yet there are means.

Julia. Unprofitable all.
How have I dragg'd about this weary load
Thro' ev'ry change of place and circumstance ?
I mingled with the young, the gay, the happy,
Forcing a hollow smile at giddy joy,
While my pale heart sat mocking it within.
The arrow sticking here, from scene to scene
You led my sad insensibility,

The objects varying, but my soul the same.

Olymp. Too much I fear, we tried, and you en-
dured
Our well-meant, unavailing services.

Julia. Could I forbear, I would not weep
Olympia!

Indeed I would not, for it pains my friends.
'Twas such a black, unapprehended horror,
So sudden, and so dreadfully consummate,
I sometimes for a moment close mine eyes,
And strive to think I have had a hideous dream,
That, quite awake, 'twill vanish from my brain,
That, still he lives, and I again shall see him.
Ah no, the short illusion is the dream,
Clandio! thy death, the dire reality.

Olymp. The volume of his days too soon was
clos'd ;

But, grace and honour had so fill'd the record,
Each page outweigh'd a long life's history.

Julia. This was the hour, when my dear fa-
ther came,

Trembling, and pale, to falter out the tidings.
That instant, mighty Ruler of our fates !

Had

ITALIAN LOVER. 17

Had thy exterminating arm reach'd here,
These floods of bitter tears, this black despair,
Had not been number'd with the sins of Julia!

Olymp. Tame, languid minds, whose course glides
dully on,

Yield as the stream to the sharp severing keel,
To close as quickly on each transient wound;
But woes deep traces never leave thy breast.

Julia. Was I not mad, Olympia! I remember
I felt the stab in Genoa; when I wak'd,
The place nor aught around me were the same.
I saw the smooth Disagio, as I lay,
Rolling his quiet tide beneath my window.
It seem'd Elysium and the peaceful shades
Where guiltless lovers are no more divided.

Olymp. But now, my friend, collect your fortitude,

Nor start when you behold your Claudio's
image

Recall'd to life, and blooming in Marcellus.
I know he'll soon be here.

Julia. Why should I dread it?
Disus'd even to the shadow of a joy,
My sickly apprehension plays the coward.
Yet I will see him.

Olymp. You turn pale, my Julia!
Shall I forbid his coming?

Julia. No, this weakness
Will pass away. A treach'rous hectic wastes me.
I shall not suffer long. Is he so like,
So very like his brother?

Olymp. Features, stature
Almost the same. His air is somewhat bolder,
Yet gentle still, and youthful as he is,
A little frown of discontented thought
Casts o'er his brow a momentary shade,
That seems not native to his generous aspect.

Julia. In such an aspect was my paradise:
But now pale lead lies on that mould'ring face,
Whose beams shot rapture once to Julia's bosom.

Olymp.

Olymp. By nature fram'd for every genial bliss,
Turn, gently turn from that cold retrospect;
And there is one —

Julia. I know whom you would name.

Olymp. Then smile, and name for me.

Julia,

No, I cannot,

I cannot smile, and name Mentevole:

But yet I much respect him.

Olymp.

Bare respect,

For passion such as his?

Julia.

Olympia, spare me!

In this alone I must seem obstinate.

Olymp. Alas poor brother! (*aside*)

Julia.

Hark! my father comes.

Hold him a little moment in discourse,

I would not have him see I had been weeping.

(*Julia retires.*)

SCENE III. To them Durazzo.

Dur. I come, Olympia! to this chamber door,
To learn my destiny. As we enquire
From those who wake us, if the sun looks bright,
Or clouds o'erwhelm him, and then suit our gar-
ments,

To meet the changeful temper of the sky,
So, by the colour of my daughter's health,
My mind is dress'd for gladness or dejection.

Olymp. I think she mends. Her sorrow that was
silent,

Finds some relief in utterance. She approaches.

Julia. Your blessing, sir!

Dur.

O may it drop upon thee,
Refreshing as mild dew on vernal flow'rs,
To kill the canker that consumes thy fragrance.

Julia. My heart, my grateful heart, owns all
your goodness;

And, could my first devotion reach the sky,

Time

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Time and your honor'd days should end together.

Dur. Not too long life : pray not for curses on me.

Helpless, uncomely, loath'd and burdensome,
I would not cling to the last hold of nature,
Nor lag without one social cord to aid me.
Surviving my companions of the voyage,
The world to me would seem a ruin'd vessel,
A worthless wreck, when mann'd alone by strangers.

Let my heart burst at once with some great feeling!

I let me go altogether to my grave!
Not mann'd and piecemeal with infirmity.
I have liv'd enough, could I but see thee happy.

Julia. That will not be.
Olymp. I swear it must, it shall be.

And, come—I have a suit which you must grant me.

Julia. (throwing her arms round his neck) My dearest father!

Dur. Change these mourning weeds :
For, outward signs, tho' trifles in themselves,
When the mind's weak, and spirits delicate,
To fancy, in herself too powerful,
Lend their mute aid, and make her workings stronger.

Julia. This habit is best suited to my mood,
But shall no more offend you.

Dur. Fair Olympia!
I now must beg your aid. Your constant brother,
(Nor does proud Genoa boast a nobler youth)
With adoration, such as saints pay Heaven,
Devotes his service here.

Julia. Ah Sir, for pity!
I feel myself unworthy of his passion.
My soul is out of tune to flattery :

The

The fondest vows that ever lover sigh'd,
Might wring my eyes, but never warm my heart.

Dart. Nay stop these tears. I'll urge this theme
no more.

And see, an honor'd visitant approaches,
Receive her not in sorrow.

SCENE IV. *To them* Fulvia, Marcellus. — *Julia*
and Fulvia embrace.

Fulvia.

Lovely Julia!

In this embrace I hop'd t'have chas'd a daugh-
ter,

T' have call'd thee mine, by an endearing tie,
That yields alone to nature's closest bond:

But, tho' that first delusive dream is vanish'd,
My heart still owns thy native excellence.

These eager throbbings, while I hold thee thus,
Are stronger protestations how I prize thee,
Than all the lavish praise my tongue could utter.

Julia. Here let me vow for ever, none divide
us.

Met'hinks, when these protecting arms enfold me,
Long vanish'd peace seems to return once more,
And spread her dove-like wings again to shield
me.

Marc. (Looking at Julia.) They told me truth, I
never saw such beauty. (*aside*)

Fulv. Vile slander, on my life! 't has wrong'd her
virtue. (*aside*)

Have I not seem'd unkind, so many months
A stranger here, where ever new delights
Sprung in our paths, where each returning morn,
Among the happy, found me happiest?
But oh I fear'd for thee, and for myself!
Our walks, these chambers, every senseless object,
By known relation to our common loss,

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ITALIAN LOVER 21

Had conjur'd up to our accustomed sense,
Sad phantoms of his looks, his gestures, words,
And multiplied th' ideas we should banish,

Julia. I judg'd it not unkindness; for I know
Your gen'rous nature feels for all who suffer;
And, if to have been once supremely bless'd,
T'have reach'd the height of every human wish,
Then sudden—but your swelling eyes approach
me;

You own'd him first, before his birth you lov'd
him—

But oh, this selfish grief forgets all titles.

Fulvia. Yet join with me to bless that Provi-
dence,

Which, bending gracious to a parent's pray'r,

Mitt all the perils of destructive war,

Preserv'd one pillar of my falling house.

Come near, my son! and, in this fair perfection,

Behold what, next to thee, the world contains

Most precious to thy mother.

(*Marcellus who has been behind with*

Durazzo, advances.

Julia. (*Starting.*) Saints and Angels!

Am I awake, or is this mockery?

Oh I could gaze for ever on that face,

Nor wish to rouse me from the dear delusion.

Still let me know him only by mine eyes,

Oh do not speak, lest some unusual sound,

An alien to mine ear, dissolve this vision,

And tell me thou hast wear'd my Claudio's out-
side.

Marc. If it commend me, madam! to your fa-
vour,

I would not change it for the comeliest form

That ever charm'd the eye with fair proportion.

But stop not at the exterior, search me deeply:

For proof command me instant to your service;

Had Thø peril walk with death at the achievement,

Swifter

Swifter than falcons thro' the trackless air,
My eager thoughts shall fly to your obedience.

Julia. Take heed, take heed! tempt not the
dangerous shore.

Rocks, shelves, and quicksands lurk, I fear, around
me,

And let one noble vessel's shipwreck warn you,
Shun the same course, and find a happier fortune.

Marc. I fear no shelves, no quicksands, but thy
frown.

Aw'd and enraptur'd I survey such beauty,
And, while I talk thus, wish to find some language
Fit for a being of a sphere above me.

(A servant enters and whispers Olympia.)

Olymp. *(To Julia.)* Julia, a word! Montevole
attends.

And asks to be admitted.

Julia.

Now? not now.

Indeed I cannot see him. Quick, my Olympia!
Prevent his entrance. *(Exit Olympia.)* My poor
fluttering heart,

If suddenly that name is sounded to me,
Beats like a prison'd bird against his cage,
When some annoying hand is stretch'd to seize
him.

Dur. *(To Pulvia.)* Madam! this day which
brings you back to us,

I would make festival. Your presence here
Has wrought a miracle. I have not seen
A smile of joy enlighten that dear face,
(Heaven knows how long) 'till you brought sun-
shine with you.

Pulvia. I have upbraidings for my absence here,
The cause, I'm sure, a false one. In atonement,
Let me observe her with a mother's care.
Invention shall be rack'd to find new means,
'To lure her thoughts to sweet serenity:
She shall not see the frequent tears, that wear

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Their woeful channel down a parent's cheek,
And to the brightest source of mortal comfort,
I will commend her, when I kneel to Heaven.

Dur. May wings of seraph's waft your pious
prayer's!

The tenderness of women has a charm
Our rougher natures can attain but rudely:
Your voices are such dulcet instruments,
They steal the listening soul from its affliction,
And wind it gently in the soft enchantment.

Fulvia. Oh may that power be mine! observe,
my Julia!

My lord commits you to my guardianship.
Do you confirm the trust?

Julia. An outcast's fortune

Might pitiless fall on me, could I fail
To bend with reverence for your dear protection.

Fulvia. Come, let us hence. The air is mild
abroad.

Julia. we must not sink, but strive to banish,
That restless, inbred foe to the afflicted,
Reflection, from our bosoms.

Julia. Would I could!

But death's long sleep alone can banish him.
(*Exit Fulvia, Julia, Durazzo.*)

SCENE V. *Marcel Marcellus.*

Marc. (*Looking after Julia.*) My soul and all its
faculties go with her.

Grace, beauty, sweetness, all that captivates,
And holds us long in dear delicious bonds,
Indissoluble bonds, for change too strong,
For time or casualty, are sunder'd up there.

Divinity of love! absolute master,
From this white hour, to thy all-potent sway
I here submit me. Hence all idle thoughts,
I chase you from my breast! Ambition, glory,

Arms

Arms and the war, farewell ! Her brighter image
Claims all my bosom, and disdains a rival.

(Exit Marcellus.)

SCENE VI. *A Court before Durazzo's palace.
Mentevole with a letter. A servant.*

Ment. Convey this letter to the Lady Fulvia,
Be muffled close, and cloak'd, that none may know
you.

Speak not a word, but leave it, and return.

(Exit servant.)

Pride and suspicion in her violent nature,
From this short scroll will work rare mischief for
me:

One spark will set her passions in a blaze,
A hint to her is proof demonstrative.

So, I must bear this too, she will not see me.

Her health is delicate. But young Marcellus—

He fits a lady's chamber at all seasons :

Soft as Favonius, and a cherub's cheek

Is not so smooth and rose. Precious minion !

They think me sure a tame enduring slave,

A trampled clod. They shall not find me such.

The stinky drop, which once was patience here,

Flames as it flows, and changes all my nature

To its own element of fire within me.

Ha ! he appears. Choke me not, indignation !

Prey inwards ! down ! while I dissemble calmness.

(He retires)

SCENE VII. *Marcellus looking back.*

Marc. Ay, there's th' attraction. Thou unconscious house !

Thy turrets should be tair'd with beaten gold,
For thou enshrin'st a goddess. Can it be ?

Not three years pass'd, regardless of her charms,

Day

Day after day I saw her, and forgot them.
Or does the beauty of the full blown-rose
Surpass the promise of the opening bud?
I sure lov'd Claudio well, no brother's bond
Was truer to a brother. Yet self, self;
This sudden flower now springs up from his
grave,

That, in a brother lies a rival buried.

Ment. (*Advances*) My lord, well met. You then
have seen this wonder.

Has fame exceeded, think you?

Marc. How exceeded?

Ment. Spoke Julia fairer than your eyes confess
her?

Marc. All eyes, all hearts, with rapture must
confess her.

Ment. Then I must think you do not mean to
pine

In silent adoration?

Marc. What blest'd strain

Can touch that gentle bosom?

Ment. Take my counsel!

Devote thy soul to any thing but love.

Steep thy drench'd senses in the mad'ning bowl;

Heap gold, and hug the mammon for itself;

Set provinces on dice; o'er the pale lamp

Of sickly science waste thy vigorous youth;

Rush to the war, or cheer the deep-tongu'd
hound;

Be thou the proverb'd slave of each or all;

They shall not be so noxious to thy soul,

As dainty woman's love.

Marc. If this be counsel,

It comes with such a harsh and boist'rous breath,

I more discern the freedom than the friendship.

Ment. Falsely our poets deck the barb'rous god,

With roseate hue, with infant's dimp'ling smiles,

With wanton curls, and wings of downy gold;

D

He

He dips his darts in pois'nous aconite ;
The fiery venom rankles in our veins,
Infuses rage, and murder's cruelty.

Marc. The richest juice pour'd in a tainted jar,
Turns to a noxious and unwholesome draught ;
But we condemn the vessel not the wine.
So gentle love, lodg'd in a savage breast,
May change his nature to a tyger's fierceness.

Ment. Away with vain disguise. — Mark me, my lord !

I long have lov'd this lady with a passion,
Too quick and jealous not to find a rival,
Too fierce to brook him. She receives my vows ;
Her father favours them. Wealth, titles, ho-
nours,

My rank i' th' state, and many fair additions,
Surpass'd by none, keep buoyant my full hopes.
If yet your heart's untouch'd, I ask, entreat,
(And strangers grant such common courtesies)
Forbear your visits to her.

Marc. Believe this ;
Were there a falling lion in my path,
I'd rather this good steel here by my side
Should grow one piece with the sheath, or in my
grasp
Shrink to a bulrush but to mock the wielder,
Than seed you with the smallest hope or promise
I meant not to fulfil.

Ment.

Then we are foes.

Marc. I'm sorry for't.

Ment.

Deadly, irreconcilable.

Two eager racers starting for one goal,
Both cannot win, but shame must find the loser.
You step between me and the light of heaven,
You strive to rob me of my life's best hope,
(For life, without her, were my curse, my bur-
den,)

With cruel calmness, you pluck out my heart ;
Therefore

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Therefore, were the world's bounds more wide
and large,
They cannot hold us both.

Marc. I little thought
To draw my sword against my brother's friend,
And here attest heaven, and my peaceful soul,
You drag this quarrel on me.

Mont. Yonder herd
Who, prying now, would interrupt our purpose,
Will two hours hence be hous'd, to avoid the
sun,
Then riding at his height. At home, I'll wait
you,

And lead you thence to a sequester'd spot,
Fit for the mortal issue of our meeting.

Marc. Since you will have it so.

Mont. The die is cast.
Have I the bulk and sinewy strength of man,
But to sustain a heavier injury?
Let cowards shiver with a smother'd hate,
And fear the evil valour might avert;
The brave man's sword secures his destiny.
(*Exeunt severally.*)

• END OF THE SECOND ACT,

A C T III.

SCENE I. *A Garden, Mentevole alone, looking at a picture*

Ment. **A**ND must I be content with thee, poor shadow?

Yet she's less kind than this her counterfeit,
For this looks pleas'd, and seems to smile upon me.

Oh what a form is here! her polish'd front;
Blue slender veins, winding their silken maze
Thro' flesh of living snow; young Hebe's hue,
Blushing ambrosial health; her plenteous tresses,
Luxuriant beauty! those bewitching eyes,
That shot their soft contagion to my soul!
But where's their varied sweetness? where the
fire,

To drive men wild with passion to their ruin!
Where are her gentle words? the dewy breath,
Bathing the new-blown roses, 'tis exhal'd thro'?
Thou envious, happy lawn! hide those white orbs
That swell beneath thy folds. Oh power of beauty!
If thou can'st sanctify—By heaven my sister—
Up fair perdition!

*(Attempting hastily to put up the picture,
he drops it on the ground.)*

SCENE II. *To him Olympia.*

'Twas not well, Olympia!
To break thus on my privacy. My orders
Were

ITALIAN LOVER. 29

Were strictly given, that none should now have entrance.

Olymp. I would not be denied; and, when you know

Why I am here, you will have cause to bless,
Not chide me for th' intrusion.

Ment. Then be quick!

For other cares, and of more serious import,
Will presently demand me. Speak your purpose.

Olymp. My lips would give my purpose little grace,

When she, who sent me forward but to find you,
Can speak it for herself. I came with Julia.

Ment. With Julia! do not mock me.

Olymp. Torn your eyes
To yonder cypress: see who there expects you

Ment. By all my hopes of happiness, 'tis she.

Like a descended angel, there she stands.

Olymp. Herself indeed. Thus haste, conduct
her hither.

(He rushes out.)

SCENE III. *Olympia sees and takes up the picture.*

Ay, as I thought, her picture. On this face
His eyes were sed, when my approach surpris'd
him.

Thou fair consumer of his piping soul!

Oh thou delicious poison! for a while

Tho' he may grieve, let me with-hold thee from
him.

With what a blaze of wealth has he adorn'd it!

What gems are here! I'll leave it in her sight;

This silent proof should more command his suit,

Than her bewitch'd voice, whose common re-
mence,

Their common violation quickly follows.

SCENE IV. To Olympia, Mentevole leading in Julia.

Julia. Well may you be surpris'd, nor can you question,
When you behold me here, how deep the interest
That urges me to seek you.

Ment. To behold you,
(Whate'er the cause) is such excess of bliss,
How, how shall I pour out my enraptur'd sense?
How thank this condescension?

Julia. Good, my lord!
The anxious bosom, ill at ease like mine,
Partakes no raptures. Calmness and attention,
(If I deserve your thanks) will better thank me.

Ment. Thou soul of all my passions! this fond
breast,

Is but th' obedient instrument whose chords,
As you think meet, sound high, or sink to silence,

Julia. I've heard of your late outrage to
Marcellus.

Ment. Has he complain'd, and to a lady's ear?

Julia. Wrong not his well-tried courage. No,
th' attendants,

Saw all your furious gestures, heard your chal-
lenge,

And for prevention to Olympia ran,
T' alarm us of the danger.

Olymp. He's conceal'd,
And has been since your parting: that con-
firms it.

Julia. Waste not the precious moments in de-
nial.

Ment. Fool that I was! no kind concern for
me,

The safety of Marcellus made you seek me.

Julia

Julia. And I avow the motive. Am I held,
Like those grim idols barb'rous nations worship,
By cruel rites to be propitiated?

If love prevail not, dress'd in smiles and soft-
ness,

Array'd in blood will the fell monster charm me?

No: if you prize my peace, if you desire

I ever more should name Mentevole,

Or suffer him in thought, but with abhorrence,

Dismiss your causeless hate to Claudio's brother.

Ment. Let him dismiss his love to Claudio's mis-
tress.

Julia. Your own imaginary, light suggestion.

Ment. He boasts it, glories in it—Causeless hate!

Causeless! to hate th' envenom'd thing that stings
me.

Diseases curdle up his youthful blood,

And mar his specious outside!

Julia. Watchful angels
Keep him in charge, and o'er his gallant head,

Spread their protecting wings, t' avert thy curses!

Ment. Ha! am I then! —

Olymp. Is this your promis'd

patience?

Ment. What can I do?

Julia. What reason bids you do.

Not to repent, but to commit a wrong,

Gives shame's true crimson to th' ingenuous cheek.

Ask his indulgence, and confess your frenzy.

Ment. The boy may think I fear him.

Julia. No, not so.

What generous spirit is not slow t' ascribe

Motives to others which itself would scorn?

Are you alone too mighty to have err'd?

Rather suspect your pride revolts to own it;

Acknowledge it, and then have cause for pride,

And rise, exalted by humility.

Contrition is mild virtue's meek-ey'd sister;

Her

Her drops can wash offence to fleecy white,
Turning our sins to gracious intercessors.
The wisest, sometimes, may do wrong from passion;

But, conscious of that wrong, the ruffian only
By brutal perseverance, twice does wrong :
Mean pride, false principle, true honour scorns them.

Ment. It goes against my nature's bent.——

Julia.

Indeed ?

Then hear me, hear this solemn protestation.
If you persist, by that benevolent power,
Whose blessed beams avert from violence,
Whose law forbids it——

Ment.

Oh, enough ! forbear.
Yes, you shall be obey'd. I will put on
The meek demeanour of repenting rascals,
And to the foe I hate, thus bending, cry,
Forgive me, since you will it. Yet remember,
I thus degrade me in mine own esteem,
Only to rise in yours. Your liberal nature,
Will give my free compliance its best gloss ;
It shews your full dominion o'er my soul,
That joyfully prefers your least command,
Even to my honor, which I risk to please you.

Julia. The act bespeaks itself. I must remember,

My peace or misery were in your power ;
You chose the gentler part, and made me happy.

Ment. Transporting thought ! behold, I fly
t' obey you.

The hour is come : Marcellus now expects me.
Farewell ! my eyes, at variance with my tongue,
Still gaze, and cannot bear to lose thy beauties.

(Exit.)

SCENE V. Julia—Olympia.

Olymp. Indeed, he loves you.

Julia. Would to heav'n
he did not !

It looks, methinks, like hard ingratitude,
To render aught for love, but equal love.
Esteem, the best affection I can offer,
Seems but a dull, unvalued counterpoise,
And pays the glowing ore with worthless lead.
Tho' all be little; to give all is bounty.

SCENE VI. Mentevole—Marcellus.

Marc. Enough, my lord ! this fair acknowledg-
ment,

Has rais'd your justice high in my esteem.
A soldier's honour can require no more.
And sure 'tis better thus to join our hands,
Than try their strength in rude hostility.

Ment. I was your brother's friend, and while he
liv'd,

Tho' the same passion that still fires my soul
Then fiercely burn'd for this enchanting Julia,
Yet, from respect to his precedent claim,
And to her choice avow'd, within my breast
I kept the painful secret. He follow'd me,
I would not shew the wound he could not heal ;
Then sure, on equal ground, from you, Marcel-
lus !

(New to her charms) I may at least expect
A like declining.

Marc. Good Mentevole,
Let's find some safer subject.

Ment. No, this only :
I cannot speak, or think of aught but her :

She

She is my essence, feeds, wakes, sleeps with me,
Is vital to me as the air I breathe :
But mark, I am compos'd, no violence
Lives in my thoughts, or shall disgrace my tongue.

Marc. Then, lest I move your temper, let me
leave you.

Ment. No, prithee, no, not thus unsatisfy'd.
I'll not contend, but her transcendent beauty,
Even at first sight, must strike the quater's eye
With admiration, that might grow to love :
But is it possible one interview,
(For you but once have seen her) should so root
Her image in your soul, that all your bliss,
Or future misery depends on her ?

Marc. Think not of me, but reason for yourself.
If all your faithful vows, your length of court-

Ment. Her father's favor, and the nameless night,
Which time and opportunity have furnish'd,
Raise not your hopes above a rival's power,
Say, were it not more wise, and surely too,
To rouse, and shake off such a hard dominion ?

Ment. How could you talk ! good heaven ! I
might as well

Resolve to change my nature, bid my ear,
See for my eye, or turn my blood to milk,
New stamp my features, or new mold my limbs,
Make this soft flesh that yields to every print,
Impassive as this air, waste time and thought
On any wild impossibility,
As be the thing I am, and cease to love her.

Marc. Then take, my lord, your course, while
I shall follow

The counsel which I offer ; once rejected,
No more to persecute what most I love,
I shall retire, and mourn repulse in silence.

Ment. So then, my lord ! my suit is persecu-
tion ?

Marc.

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Marc. I said it not, but, since you will search further,

I have heard almost as much.

Ment. And who inform'd you?

Marc. A gentler tone, perhaps, may meet an answer.

Ment. I will be answer'd.

Marc. Will? hot man! farewell.

Ment. Come back; I'll answer for you. Your own pride.

Marc. Ha! have a care.

Ment. Your boyish vanity,
Your fond conceit of that imposing form.

Marc. I'll bear no more. This insolence and rudeness

Have rous'd my rage, and thus I answer thee.

(Fight, Montevole is disarmed.)

Ment. My life is yours. Strike home.

Marc. Take back
your sword;

And, when your peevish spleen next swells within
you,

Let this deserv'd rebuke subdue your choler.

(Exit.)

SCENE VII. Montevole *alone*.

He triumphs every way. Vile baffled wretch!

Where shall I hide my ignominious head,

While love, remorse, and rage, at once o'erwhelm
me.

(Exit.)

SCENE VIII. The Palace of Durazzo. Olympia, with a picture in her hand, Nerina following.

Olymp. The danger's pass'd, and Julia smiles
again

My

My brother, thy divining was too true ;
 Her fears were not for thee. Yet now remains
 This new, this last expedient. Good Nerina !
 Observe this picture. This day in his garden,
 Mentevole, my enamour'd brother, dropp'd it.
 It is the lovely likeness of thy lady.
 I leave it here. Should it escape her view,

(She places the picture on the table.)

Find you some means to bring it to her notice.
 If prodigality proclaim a passion,
 The diadems of kings are there outlusted.
 And yet I fear——The mother of Marcellus ;
 Her eye looks cold upon me : I'll not meet her.

(Exit Olympia.)

SCENE IX. Fulvia with a letter.

Fulvia. What can this mean ? They draw me
 here t' insult me.

I ask for this disconsolate, this mourner,
 And find her,—where ?—why, with a second lover,
 With young Mentevole. Her panting bosom
 Cannot expect his visits, but explores
 His chambers secretly. Oh, my poor son !
 And could not all thy graces, all thy virtues,
 One twelvemonth keep a mistress faithful to thee ?
 The Indian pile, that, with the bridegroom dead,
 In the same blast consumes the life-warm bride,
 Is wild romance to our Italian ladies.

Who cheers this inconsolable in private ?

Why the kind sister of Mentevole.

Then rumour, which I slander'd, told me truth ;
 And this tells truth, let me once more peruse it.

(Reads.)

" If you respect the safety of Marcellus,

" Prevent his visits to Durazzo's Daughter.

" A favour'd lover has her plighted faith,

" Who will not brook a rival : trust this warning."

And

And see the fair dissimulation comes,
Again to sigh, to flatter, and deceive me.

SCENE X. To Fulvia, Julia.—*Nerina following.*

Julia. Madam! forgive my anxiety. That pa-
per—

I hope it brought you no unwelcome tidings.
When your eye ran it o'er, your colour chang'd,
And a sad presage instant seiz'd my heart,
Fearful, perhaps, from weakness, more than rea-
son.

Fulvia. I thank, you: No, the import is not
new.

It tells me, what the world has long believ'd,
That women can dissemble, and are fickle.

Julia. But why chuse you for the rude confi-
dence?

Fulvia. I fear there was a reason.

Julia. Pardon me!

Perhaps I've been intrusive; for that brow
Seems to reprove me, for a wish to know
What you think fit to hide.

Fulvia. My interests, Madam!
Must henceforth be confin'd to my own breast.
I have no sunshine there, and would not cloud
The cheerful prospect of your coming joys
With ill-tim'd sorrow.

Julia. Have I joys to come?

To mix my grief with yours, dejected, lost,
To keep one object in my wounded mind,
To hold discourse with his ideal form,
To make my present state, my future hope,
Fears, wishes, pray'rs, all studies of my life,
But slaves to one afflicting memory,

These are my joys, and who shall envy them?

Fulvia. (*Aside.*) Hateful hypocrisy! oh, ten
times devil,

E

When

And

When, to beguile, it wears an angel's form.

(Turning from Julia, she sees the picture on the table.)

Ha! can I trust my eyes? what's this before me?

Julia. (Going to the table.) What's this indeed?

Fabia. It curdles up my blood.

How came it here?

Julia. By all my dearest hopes!
My murder'd Claudio, on the day we lost him,
Wore this around his neck.

Fabia. The very same.

I know these gems; the east was ransack'd for them.

Julia. He shew'd it to me: Next his heart it hung,

That fatal morning; to his lips he press'd it,
And swore, that death should only wrest it from him.

Now, by what magic I again behold it,
Confounds me with amazement.

Nerina. Madam! hear me.

In part, I can explain the mystery.

Olympia, but a little ere you enter'd,
Here plac'd it on the table, bad me mark it,
And, should it chance t' escape my lady's view,
Present it to her notice. In his garden,
This morn (she added) lord Mentevole,

Her brother, dropp'd it. But I know no further.

Fabia. Dropp'd by Mentevole? His sister said so?

Nerina. Madam! she did.

Julia. (To Julia) Ha! do you hear that tale?

Julia. Eternal providence! 'twill then be found,
The dreadful deed, be trac'd to its dark source.
Oh true divining instinct! now I know,
Why, at his sight, oppress'd by chilling horror,
Cold tremors crept thro' all my shiv'ring frame,

Why

Why faithful nature, shrinking, felt th' alarm,
As if some fatal, deadly thing approach'd me.
Haste, Madam! haste, that else shall be our
guide;

Yes, I shall live to see the black detection,
The secret villain's shame, blood shed for blood,
While Claudio's sainted spirit, from above,
Smiles to applaud, and urge the righteous jus-
tice.

Fulvia. (*Aside.*) Can I bear this?—Such zeal is
worthy of you,
It quite transports you. But first answer me,
How did Montavale possess this picture?

Julia. Oh would I knew! but let us fly this
moment.

Fulvia. Did you not secretly, this morning, see
him?

Answer me quick.

Julia. I did: of that hereafter.

Fulvia. Hold; when a lover has a lady's pic-
ture,

A favour'd lover too, tho' she should swear,
Swear deeply, till the host of heav'n blush for her,
She's ignorant how he had it,—oh, to trust her,
Asks such a reach of blind credulity,
As turns belief to folly.

Julia. Your stern looks,
This sudden anger, are so strange to me,
I stand like one just startled from a dream,
And cannot, dare not think I wake and hear
you.

Fulvia. Then let me wash you from your le-
thargy.

The flimsy tissue of your artifice
Is all unravel'd. By no doubtful proofs
I am confirm'd, your fondness for my son,
Your tender care of me, your tears, distractions,
Your

40 J U L I A : O R T H E

Your mourning weeds, (which now I see are
chang'd)

Ay, and your high-wrought rhapsody this mo-
ment,

Were all a public, ostentatious sorrow,
Nought but an acted passion, a stage transport,
And I, the fool who pitied you, your scorn,
Do you now awake? Now do you understand
me?

Julia. Too well, too well. The peal of dread-
ful thunder,

Will sound till death in my astonish'd ears.
Oh, stab me to the heart! dash me to earth!
And trample my poor body in the dust,
Try every labor'd, cunning cruelty,
That rage, revenge, and malice e'er devis'd,
Or was sustain'd by woman's constancy;
I'll bear it all; I would not shed one tear;
I'll bless you, think it mercy to the pangs.
That wring my soul from ev'ry word you've ut-
ter'd.

Fulvia. And may the fiend, who visits guilt like
thine, send thee to find out his, who's
(If my reproaches fail, or the world's justice,)
Supply a sharper scourge, and more afflict thee.

Julia. I thought the rigor of my fate accom-
plish'd,
By Claudio's death; secure in one great woe,
Look'd forward with a smile to all the ills
Adversity's worst wrath could pour upon me:
But you, inhuman! you have found the way,
To wake such new, such unimagin'd horrors,
If there be any pow'r, whose melting eye
Sheds kind compassion on us, may that power
Hear, and receive my fervent application!—
Let me be mad, and tell this sense of anguish!

Fulvia. What canst thou hope from me, but
rage and vengeance?

Julia.

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Julia. No, nothing else, I have deserv'd them
from thee.

Fulvia. I'll to the duke, the senate shall assemble.

When this dumb evidence appears before them,
With all that chance has now reveal'd against
thee,

Think, when thou'rt summon'd to their dread
tribunal,

Will that fair face of innocence and wonder,
This wringing of thy hands, a few false tears,
Shake their stern justice?

Julia. Oh heav'n pardon you!

Fulvia. If you have pray'r, reserve them for
yourself,

Your state, I fear, will need them.

Julia. (*Kneeling*) Turn, and hear me!

Fulvia. Kneel not to me.

Julia. I kneel not for myself.

To thee, I am as spotless from offence,

As the soft sleep of cradled infancy.

But, when your cruelty has bru'd my heart,

And sunk me, unresisting, to my grave,

When your mistaken rage gives way to reason,

(As sure it will) in that calm searching hour,

When you shall find how sorely you have wrong'd
me,

Wrong'd her, who lov'd you with a child's af-
fection,

Then, censure not your rashness, too severely,

Then try to reconcile your soul to peace,

And, oh, forgive yourself, as I forgive you.

SCENE III. To them Durazzo.

Dur. How's this, my daughter kneeling, and
in tears!

And anger glowing on the cheek of Fulvia!

E 3

Rise

Rise, Julia, rise! Madam that stern regard——

Julia. Oh, Sir! you must not pity, nor approach me.

I cannot trust to nature or affection.

Your breast, perhaps, may turn to marble, too.

Source of my life! dear even as thee, my father

Your Julia lov'd her. See these bitter tears,

With agonies like these, am I requited,

Dur. A fury's brand must sure have scar'd the breast,

That could give thee a pang. My joy! my comfort!

(*To Fulvia.*) What have you done?

Fulvia. Do you behold this picture?

Claudio, my son, the day th' assassin stabb'd him,
Wore this detested bawble next his heart.

Mentevole, that weeping lady's lover,

This morning dropp'd it. Ask you how he had it?

Let that light woman and her minion answer.

Dur. And is that scornful finger for my daughter?

Injurious as thou art.——

Julia. For pity, hold!

I have enough of misery already.

Revil'd, upbraided, charg'd with monstrous guilt,

She knew not what she said—Indeed, I hope so.

But let me here fall lifeless at her feet,

My heaving heart burst with its throbs before her,

Rather than hear your tongue cast back reproach,

To violate the reverence I still owe her.

Dur. Hear'st thou, inhuman!

Fulvia. Yes, with scorn I hear her.

That Syren's voice has lost the power to charm.

Why stay I here, to breathe th' infectious air?

May curses rest on these devoted walls,

Till vengeful lightning to the centre shake them.

(*Exit Fulvia.*)

SCENE XII. Durazzo—Julia.

Dur. Heaven be our guard! what means she
by that picture,
Mentevole, and thee?

Julia. I cannot speak it.
Pray lead me hence.

Dur. I scarce have power to aid thee.

Julia. Oh, for a friendly draught of long ob-
livion,
To freeze up every feeling faculty!
Against calamity I strive in vain,
Since thus each distant gleam of flatt'ring hope,
Mocks with false light, or bursts in flames upon
me.

(*Exeunt.*)

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *A Chamber.* Durazzo—Marcellus—
Camillo.

Dur. NOT so, not so, deem me not lost to
reason.

My breast is ever open to receive you.
Tho' Fulvia's son, I hold you not allied,
To Fulvia's enmity and violence.

Nay, were we foes (which I should grieve to
think)

The qualities and virtue of Marcellus,
Would find no tongue more prompt in their re-
port,

Than old Durazzo's.

Marc.

My much honour'd lord!

These friendly sounds are cordials to my ear.

Soon as I heard my mother's frantic tale,

Tho' tears and exclamations scarce gave room
For her distemper'd rage to tell the story)

Such consternation seiz'd me, as if earth,

Convuls'd, had yawn'd at once beneath my feet,
And livid flames shot upwards to consume me.

Dur. Did I not scorn to mate a woman's ma-
lice,

What vengeful sponge, tho' steep'd in Stygian
gall,

Could wipe away my deep-dy'd injuries?

My house's ancient honour set at naught;

The little spark of health, which, just rekind-
ling,

Glow'd

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Glow'd in the cheek of my dear innocent child,
And warm'd her father's hopes, rudely extin-
guish'd :

Her name, that like a holy word was utter'd,
(Grace and good will still ushering the sound)
Cast for vile question, to the public streets,
'Midst scurril casuists, and the lees of Genoa.
By my just rage, the sanctity of virtue,
Never endur'd so gross a profanation.

Marc. With burning blushes, as the shame were
mine,

And hoating crowds made me derision's scoff,
I own the justice of a father's anger.
Descend mild patience to her harrow'd breast !
What fortitude can arm her feeling heart,
Against the ranking barb of this fell arrow !
'Gainst galling taunts, 'gainst mortal accusations,
From lips whose ev'ry sound should soothe and
bless her.

Dur. The malice of a foe may be endur'd,
But friendship's stab, the very plank we cling to,
Turn'd to a barb'rous engine for destruction !
And yet her gentle, her forgiving nature,
Unwillingly permits my just reproach.
She checks my indignation, by remembering
How kind, how tender Fulvia, once was to her,
And how th' exalted virtues of her soul,
Transcend her frailties, and efface this error.

SCENE II. *To them an Officer*

Officer. Be on your guard, my lord ! we've
certain notice :

The rabble, stirr'd up by some strange report,
Mustering from every quarter, are assembled,
And threaten insults here.

Dur. I thank you, sir.
Let them come on : we are prepar'd to meet
them.

The

The love of tumult, not the zeal for justice,
Is their great principle. (*Exit officer.*) What
think you now?

Marc. The wretch arraign'd, whose gasping
expectation
Hangs on the awful pause that saves or dooms
him,

Feels peace and bliss, to what my breast endures,
Till, prostrate at her feet, I clear my honour,
My reason, and each spark of manhood in me,
From vile concurrence in this monstrous out-
rage.

This instant lead me to her.

Cam. Hold, Marcellus! We must not give too loose a rein to passion,
At such a trembling crisis.—Good, my lord!
To check the shameful licence and disorder,
That hourly spread more wide, by your inaction,
One way at least is plain.

Dur. My mind's distracted.
I should before have told you our resolves,
But my vex'd spirit this way finds relief,
And vents itself in railing. But 'tis thus:
The duke, (and much I'm bound to thank his
grace)

Tho' urg'd to every harsh extremity,
By that wild woman, kindly has determin'd
To take the milder course. Himself in person,
When I appoint the hour, will visit us.
He knows already every circumstance
In its true state, nor heeds our foe's perversion:
And resting so, with horror I must own,
Suspicion has its mark.

Cam.

Mentevale.

Dur. My favor to that lord, his daily boast,
The busy prattle of this babbling city,
(Pregnant and positive in slanderous falsehood)

The

The picture dropp'd by him, and found with
Julia,

But most, her secret meeting him this morning,
Have so perversely wound us in the snare,
We stand, like him, expos'd, the common butt,
For ev'ry shaft of venom'd calumny.

Marc. Heavens! can it be? that angel! she
expos'd,

To bear the prying eye, th' insidious question
Of proud, unfeeling, quaint authority?
It must not, shall not be.

Cam.

Pray you, be rul'd.

Marc. Each saunt'ring varlet worthle's the high
honour,

To strew her paths with rustles, unabash'd,
Gaze on th' emotions of her lovely face,
And find a heighten'd zest in her confusion?
I will not trust myself to wear any sword,
Lest, with a fiery instinct, from my side
It start at once, and in their blood avenge her.

Cam. Reason and justice are her best aven-
gers.

Be calm, then, good Marcellus; hear the means.
Just now, a mandate issued from the state,
That none should pass the city's suburb gates,
Nor vessel leave the port, till the duke's licence
Permits the usual egress. This, tho' pointed
But at Mentevole; being general,
Wounds not his pride, nor can awake suspicion.

Dur. I fear the wise precaution was in vain:
Suspicion will awake, when conscience sleeps not.
And his—but I'm to blame. Appearances
Are indexes full oft which point to error.

Cam. His sister, as I learn, has sought a con-
vent,

And will no more be found.

Dur.

I pity her.

Poor wretch, unconsciously the instrument,

To

To speed, perhaps, a brother's infamy.
 Keep eye, Camillo, on Mentevole.
 For you, dear youth! be sure, no mean mistrust,
 Unworthy my esteem, and your high honour,
 Can ever harbour here;

Marc. Yet, oh, Dura! I
 I feel, but half assur'd. An ugly shame,
 Chilling the native freedom of my spirit,
 Hangs on me, loads me, drags me to the ground;
 Nor can I shake the vile dejection off,
 'Till, sweeter than the gale from opening flow'rs,
 Her balmy lips breathe peace into my bosom.
 Will you not lead me to her?

Dur. Yes, Marcellus!
 Deplore with me the ruins of a mind,
 Where nature lavish'd ev'ry grace and virtue,
 To make misfortune still more eminent.
 Come then, let's on. Without there? (*Enter a*
servant.) Is my daughter
 Still in her chamber?

Serv. She but now was seen,
 Without attendants, near the orange grove.

Dur. Ere we return here, should the duke ar-
 rive,
 You'll find me near the grove. Now, I attend
 you.

Serv. My lord! the stranger we this morn. ad-
 mitted,
 Waits in the outward chamber. If your leisure.—

Dur. I had forgot. Good man! yes, bid him
 enter.

Exit servant.
 Marcellus! for a moment: pardon me.

(*Exeunt Marcellus and Camillo.*)

SCENE

SCENE III. *Durazzo alone.*

He has known better days ; and, to my thought,
No cares, tho' ne'er so near us, can excuse
Our hard neglect of humble misery.

SCENE IV. *To Durazzo, Manoa.*

Manoa. I am too bold.

Dur. No, worthy Manoa !
Pride may intrude, but not the unfortunate.
But how ? thy cheeks are pale, thy startled eye
Looks fearfully around ! what sudden terror,
Shakes this thy manhood ?

Manoa. Oh, my gracious lord !
In vain I hop'd your pity and protection
Might be stretch'd out to screen me from my foes.
The cruel vigilance of fate has found me ;
I am discover'd, lost.

Dur. I trust not so.

Manoa. A dreadful order is but now gone forth,
To close the port up and the city's gates :
It must be meant 'gainst me, to hem me in.
And yield my life to cruel men who hate me.

Dur. Dismiss that fear. I know the cause too
well,
'Tis distant far from thee.

Manoa.

Indeed ?

Dur.

Most sure.

Manoa. I breathe again. May every blessing
crown you !

Dur. I know your innocence, and will not fail
T' impress the duke and senate in your favour.
Nor can I think, but for some special end
A providence so visible preserv'd you.
Mean time, take comfort to you, and rest here
Secure ; these walls shall be your sanctuary.

F

Manoa.

Manoa. Oh, ever bounteous to the oppress'd
and wretched,
The strength of our forefathers be your shield,
And, for this manna to my famish'd hopes,
When full of age and honors you lie down,
Protect your generations to time's end!

(Exit Manoa.)

SCENE V. *Durazzo alone.*

Dur. Who waits? *(Servant appears.)* Observe
that stranger with respect,
And see that none molest him.—Oh Mentevole!
It must be so. A thousand distant hints,
(Like meteors glancing thro' a dusky sky)
That nothing shew distinctly, cross my brain;
But soon the dim horizon will be clear,
And truth's bright ray dispel the doubtful twilight.

(Exit Durazzo)

SCENE VI. *A Garden belonging to Durazzo's palace.—Mentevole alone.—A whistle is heard.*

Ment. Hark! that's my signal. Then she's
near the grove.
And see, a woman's form. Be firm, my heart!
No fluttering now: let dire necessity
(That in itself contains all arguments)
Fix its strong fiat on my resolution.
And cancel nature's fear. She must be mine.
I have buffeted beyond the midway flood;
Nor shall my sinews shrink so near the shore.
But, come the worst, 'gainst shame and disappointment,
(He draws a dagger from his breast, which he shews, and returns again into his bosom.)

Thou

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Thou sharp, but friendly leech! I will apply thee.
Soft! soft! from hence, unseen, I may observe her.
(*He retires.*)

SCENE VII. *Julia alone.*

No, I must still endure, for death is proud,
Owes none obedience, nor will come when sum-
mon'd:

The happy who avoid him, he pursues,
And, with malignant triumph, loves to enter
Where dreams of long security and joy,
Give tenfold terrors to the grim intruder.
To thee I stretch my arms, thee I invoke;
For in thy cold and leaden grasp there—ha!
(*Seeing Mentevole, she starts.*)

SCENE VIII. *Julia—Mentevole.*

Ment. Why start you, madam? Have a few
short hours

So chang'd the man you fought, nay, kinder still,
With gentle intercession, sooth'd and won
To mercy, for a rival, that a serpent,
Rising on mortal spires to sting your life,
Could not excite more horror than his presence?

Julia. Thou art, indeed, a serpent, coil'd for
mischief,

To dart out on th' unwary, drink his blood,
And sink again to thy dark lurking place.
Why art thou here?

Ment. To talk to thee of love.

Julia. Of murder rather: hence! (*Going.*)

Ment. (*Holding her.*) I must detain you.

A moment is not long. And can thy wisdom,
For such a feather, for one light surmise,
That picture, rashly deem me capable
Of shedding human blood, nay a friend's blood?

F 2

Julia.

Julia. Of every crime, I deem thee capable.
Thy furious temper knows no sacred bond :
Death on thyself, even kneeling at my feet,
Thou hast vow'd with frantic oaths. Oh patient
heaven !

Why did not fire from yon insulted sky
Consume him quick, ere his pernicious rage
Had plung'd me in this gulph of wretchedness ?

Ment. I am so clear from any conscious taint
On that foul charge, I would not waste a moment,
To purge me of so gross a villainy.

What state, what sex, what excellence of mind,
E'er found an armour against calumny ?

Give the most monstrous slander but a birth,
Folly shall own, and malice cherish it.

It moves but my contempt. Consider this,
Art not thou, too, accused, thy spotless self,
Alike call'd criminal ? by what ? by madness.

Julia. I thank thee : yes. Thy most unwel-
come love,

Like some contagious vapour breath'd upon me,
Has made me loathsome to the public view.

The persecution of thy hateful vows,
That first disturb'd my peace, now blasts my ho-
nor.

I stand a poor, defam'd, suspected creature ;
The eyes, whose gentle pity balm'd my sorrow,
Now turn their beams with indignation on me ;
And thou the cause of all.

Ment.

You hate me, then ?

Julia. Hate thee ! the term's too weak : 'tis
vital horror.

The helpless dove views not the ravening kite,
With such instinctive dread and detestation.

The principle by which we start from death,
Crave needful food, nature's original print,
To shun our evil, and pursue our good,
By reason strengthen'd with increasing age,

Are

Are not so mix'd and general through my frame.
Hence from my eyes ! thy sight is deadly to me.

Ment. Oh, thou unthankful beauty ! think a little,

How envied, but for thee, had been my lot !
My youth had glided down life's easy stream,
With ev'ry sail outspread for ev'ry pleasure :
But, since the hour I saw thy fatal charms,
My bosom has been hell. How I have lov'd
All my neglected duties of the world,
Friends, parents, int'rest, country, all forgotten,
Cry out against me. Now I count the exchange.
And find all barter'd for thy hate and scorn.

Julia. Dar'st thou upbraid me ? or assume a pride,

Even from the homely meanness of thy soul,
Thy long, ungenerous importunity ?
Mere sensual love, contented with the outside.
The pure, exalted, incorporeal flame,
Fann'd not by sympathy's soft breath, expires.
I never gave thee hope, no, not a look,
Thy vanity could construe into kindness.
I play'd no hypocrite : my heart at once
Diffus'd its honest dictates to my eyes,
They told thee my aversion, my disdain ;
And, were this air the last I should respire,
Here, in the face of heav'n, my tongue confirms them.

Ment. Oh eloquence of hatred ! noble candor !

I am thy fool no more : my doubts are vanish'd.

Thou hast not left in all my swelling veins
One cold compunctious drop to chill my purpose.

The lover scorn'd, the man now rouses here.

Mark me, ungrateful !

Julia. (Aside.)

Ha ! what means the traitor ?

F 3

Ment.

Ment. This garden joins to mine, the passages
Are all secur'd, a ready priest within,
Waits to unite us, therefore, yield at once :
Vain is resistance. If I raise my voice,
Four faithful slaves, behind that thicket lodged,
Will bear thee off.

Julia. Am I betray'd thus vilely ?

Ment. Look round. No aid is near thee : thou
art mine ;

All thy reluctant beauties are my spoil,
And, won by wit, shall be enjoy'd at will.
Come ! nay, no strife.

Julia. (Kneeling.) Oh, give me instant death !
See at your feet I fall. Can you behold me,
Thus prostrate for so small a boon as death,
And let me sue in vain ?

Ment. For worlds on worlds,
I would not hurt thy charms. My eyes, my soul
Are not so dear to me.

Julia. Sate thy rage :
With new invented cruelty deface me :
I will but smile at the uplifted steel,
And bless you while you kill me.

Ment. Have a care !
I mean thee no dishonor, but these struggles,
That heaving bosom, those resistless beams,
Darting their subtle heat thro' all my frame,
May fire my senses to so wild a tumult—

Julia. Oh, fatal thought ! I will choke in my
breath,

Fall lifeless here. Is there no pitying power ?
Are prayers in vain above ?

Ment. As empty air.
Love only wakes, for he inspires my ardour.
Oh, fond reluctance ! must I call for help ?
No, gently thus—

*(Stepping to raise her, in the struggle, the
dagger falls from his breast, which she
seizes instantly, and rises.)*

Julia.

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Julia. Ha! was it sent from heaven?
Lo! thine own dagger. See I grasp it strongly.
Now, monster! I defy thee.

Ment. Plagues! confusion!

Julia. The righteous guardian of the innocent
Has look'd from yon bright firmament to earth,
And sends this timely succour,

Ment. Meddling dæmons,
In black confederacy combin'd against me,
Turn all my engines to their own destruction.
Yet hear with patience——

Julia. If thou dar'st approach me,
Stir but thy foot, or call thy base associates,
Swift as the ray that darts from yonder orb,
(I feel the artery here) this friendly point
Shall pierce my heart, and, as death's shades close
round me,

I'll bless the night that shuts thee out for ever.

Ment. Obdurate as thou art, alas! my dotage
Would still preserve thee, and implores thee par-
don

The mad attempt by desperation prompted.

Julia. Sunk to the lowest in my esteem before,
Lower thou could'st not fall. Degrading guilt!
How mean, how abject are the souls that own
thee!

How vile thy thralldom! See the baffled ruffian,
(Tho' braves lurk all round t'abet his fury)
Abash'd and pale before an injur'd woman.

Ment. (*Aside.*) I must endure it all:—perfidious
fortune!

Julia. But, lo my father and Marcellus near.
Keep thy dark secret, for I will not rouse
Their indignation to demand thy life,
And snatch the forfeit from impending justice.
Thou should'st not fall so nobly. Hence! begone.

(*She throws down the dagger and exit.*)

SCENE

SCENE IX. *Mentevole alone.*

Again I grasp thee, faithless instrument!
 Revenge, that last sad sunshine of th' accurs'd,
 If I must perish, still may gild my downfall.

(Exit.)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I. *A Chamber. Julia—Marcellus.*

Marc. **T**IS true, too true, my astonish'd eyes
 beheld him;

The duke is come, is in the hall this instant,
 And, (shame to Genoa) armed guards are posted
 To save this palace from the people's outrage.

Julia. Oh, if my prayers have any power to
 move you,

Or if you would not add to my distress,
 (Most sure you cannot mean it) I implore you,
 Wide as if spotted plagues encompass'd me,
 Avoid me, fly me, in fierce Fulvia's presence.

Marc. With joy in all but this I could obey.
 Shall I retire, and seem t' abet a cause,
 By tame neutrality, and timorous silence,
 Which, but to think of, chills my heart's warm
 blood,

And drives my sober sense to wild amazement?

Julia. Think then what I feel here. Yet, oh,
 remember,

She has a parent's claim to your respect,
 And how I lov'd her, heaven, that knows, can
 witness.

In

In public, to confront her, might enkindle
Her rage to madness. Has she not accus'd me,
(Oh, that I could forget it) of such crimes,
As calumny's foul lips might shake to utter.

Marc. Her's is the shame, but ours, alas, the
anguish.

Julia. Stung thus to phrenzy, she would hurl
on me

Your disobedience, all her house's woe
Impote to me alone, unhappy me.
While, trembling, sinking, I could but oppose
The feeble shield of innocence and tears.
No, justice must for once give way to duty.

Marc. Oh, do not freeze me with so cold a
word,

Nor wrong the ardors of my glowing bosom.

Julia. The great disposer of events on earth,
For some unsearchable, mysterious end,
Has pleas'd to mark me for adversity.
With constancy unshaken, my firm soul
Shall meet the black succession of my fates :
When the full storm has emptied all its fury,
This shatter'd bark may sink at length to peace,
And the last wave that rolls the welcome death,
Bury my much wrong'd name in cold oblivion.

Marc. What eye, that with delight has gaz'd on
beauty,

What ear, that e'er was ravish'd with sweet
sounds,

Who, that has sense and soul to feel perfection,
And witness'd thy unrivall'd excellence,
Can let thee be forgotten ? Hear, oh, hear me !
I can no more suppress my burning passion,
It will have way : my fate is in thy breath,
And my enamour'd soul, enslav'd, adores thee.

Julia. Marcellus !

Marc.

Marc. Ha! that cold averted brow,
Presumptuous man! bespeaks my doom too
plainly.

Julia. Is this an hour for love?

Marc. At ev'ry hour,
(Enchanting as thou art) thy eyes command it.
Thus, on my knee, I seize the bless'd occasion,
To tell thee all thy wonderous charms inspire,
Tho' ages might go by, ere half were utter'd.

Julia. There is an awful witness of this scene,
For ever present here, who hovers round me.
Thro' the still void I hear a solemn voice,
On his pale lips th' unwilling accents hang,
Our vows, (he cries) were register'd above,
For thee my breast was pierc'd: see this red
wound,

Nor lose the memory in a brother's arms.

Marc. What can'st thou mean? Why do thy
lovely eyes

Thus waste their beams on air? Oh, turn them
here,

To warm my breast, and light up extacy.

Julia. May ghastly spectres deck my bridal
couch,

Hemlock and poisonous weeds be strew'd for
flowers,

The nuptial torch scatter despair and death,
And mutter'd curses blast th' unhallow'd rite,
If my false hand receive another love,
Or my frail heart forget its early passion.

Marc. Oh fatal sound! my inauspicious sighs,
Awake no gentle sympathy for me,
But fan the flame for a dead rival's ashes.

Julia. All the most tender interest can inspire,
Soft friendship, and an anxious sister's kindness,
Unask'd, I give you: but of love no more:
The object and the passion died with him.

Marc.

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Marc. Too near and too remote, it cannot be,
For, oh, 'tis ling'ring torment, hourly death,
To touch the cup might quench our fever's
thirst,

And know we must not taste it. Angels guard
you!

Farewel! let chance direct my wandering way,
The world, without thee, has no choice for me.

(Exit Marcellus.)

SCENE II. *Julia alone, looking after him.*

Julia. Most brave! most generous! and by me
undone.

Judge of the secret heart! what unknown sin

Did I commit, that fate stands ready arm'd

To visit all whose peace is dear to me?

Take me, oh take me to thy wish'd for rest,

And leave mankind to their own destiny.

(Exit Julia.)

SCENE III. *A magnificent Hall.—Duke of Genoa
in the centre.—Fulvia, with her attendants on one
side.—Durazzo, Camillo, Julia, with their at-
tendants on the other.—Guards, &c.*

Fulvia. I have obey'd the summons of your
grace;

Yet when I see the seat of justice chang'd,
From the grave bench where once we us'd to
frown,

Even to the chambers of my adversaries,

I look for such an issue, as hereafter

Will make this novelty no precedent,

But to be shunn'd, and noted for th' abuse.

Duke. The sanctity of justice is the heart
Of him who judges; place makes no distinction:

And, when the veil of passion is remov'd,

When

When with clear eyes you see the good we mean
you,

Yourself, I know, will thank us for this course,
And own our swerving from the common form
Was kind alike to all.

Fulvia.

Well : may it prove so !

Julia. You see me here, brought for so strange
a cause,

I can but look round with astonishment,
Nor know I whom t' oppose, nor what to an-
swer.

'Tis hard to make my affliction my offence,
And the black deed that darken'd all my hopes
The source, the bitter source of every sorrow,
The ground to load me with reproach and shame.
Yet here am I accus'd—I cannot speak it.
Accus'd of what ? To say I am innocent,
Would be such mean, such base indignity,
To the great spirit of my exalted love,
I'd rather burst with the proud sense of scorn,
And leave my silence to your worst surmise,
Than utter such a word.

Duke.

Oh, 'tis too much.

Dur. You are apprised, my lord ! with what
intent

My daughter secretly this morning sought
A meeting with Mentevole.

Duke.

I know it,

And grieve to find so gentle an intent,
Has met such hard construction from good Fulvia.

Fulvia. Reserve, my lord, your pity, till we ask
it,

And council ignorance. I know my purpose.

Duke. As we our duty. And behold the man
First in our present search.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *To them Mentevole.*

Why we assemble here ?
 Know you, my lord,

Ment. Yes. Clamour's throat
 Has roar'd it in our streets. I pass'd along
 Thr' files of obloquy. Our sapient rabble
 Reverse the order of the magistracy,
 And, ere they hear, condemn us.

Duke. Then, this instant,
 As you regard your honor and your life,
 Account for the possession of this picture.
 That lady there, dead Claudio's mother, swears
 It was her son's, and worn around his neck,
 The day he disappear'd. Behold, do you know it?
 Do you allow you dropp'd it ?

Ment. Yes : but not
 That it was Claudio's ; yet I cannot wonder,
 Two objects so alike should *seem* the same ?

Fulvia. Should *seem* the same ?

Duke. Have patience, gentle lady.

Ment. I say should *seem*, for it is barely seeming.
 From that which Claudio owned, the artist's boast,
 Myself, not meanly in the science skill'd,
 Painted this picture. Love, my pencil's guide,
 And, from the image in my heart engraved,
 Assisted by the model, such I made it,
 That not the most discerning, nicest eye,
 From the first beauteous draught, could know that
 - copy.

Fulvia. And had you skill to paint these jewels
 too ?

These jewels in the round ? By every power !
 These were my son's.

Ment. No : give me hearing, madam !
 These too I purchas'd from the very merchant
 Who furnish'd Claudio. All who hear me, know

G The

The name of Manoa, his services
 To this ungrateful state, his flight, his death,
 (Which I lament) since, living, he could witness,
 And strike you dumb, that, by my special order,
 He chose these precious gems, in form and colour,

So like to Claudio's, none could mark distinction.

(Here Durazzo whispers Camillo, who goes out.)

To pay their value, my estate was strain'd,
 But, had their estimation been twice doubled,
 A crown imperial deem'd the mighty price,
 Rather than yield him preference, in aught
 Might seem a test of my extravagant love,
 I would have grasp'd at it, and so remain'd
 The ruin'd, happy lord of that sole treasure.
 Now learn from hence, how wisdom should demur
 To found conviction on appearances.
 Your grace is satisfied?

Duke.

I own, to me,

No proof appearing to the contrary,
 If this be so, Your honor seems acquitted.

Fulvia. But not to me. Oh, undiscerning lord!
 Is this your inquisition, this your justice?
 I am not satisfied. My heart still tells me;
 That picture was my son's, so reason tells me.
 Nor should a voucher from the yawning grave,
 Shake my conviction. That good Manoa
 Did sell these jewels to my slaughter'd son,
 And he, 'tis true, conveniently, is dead.
 But he had heirs and kindred. Summon them,
 A treasure, such as this, could not be sold
 Without their knowledge: instantly convene them;
 And act thro' shame as if you sought for truth;
 Else your grave robes will be the jest of boys,
 And my son's blood shall cry till death against you.

Ment. Do not suppose I scoff at this grave presence,

When thus I smile in my security.

Produce such witnesses. What could they prove?
 Their

Their ignorance, perhaps, in what you ask them.
But we have clear and positive laws to guard us.

Duke. We can proceed no further. (*To Mentevole.*) You are free.

Julia. Thus long I have said little, fearful ever
To wake offence, where all my care has been
To manifest respect, esteem and honor,
Even with a daughter's dutious humbleness.
But thus much let me add. I here disclaim,
(As most abhorrent to my thoughts and nature)
All common interest, union and accord,
With him, for whom I suffer in the censure
Of that ungentle lady. I believe,
Firmly like her, that picture was her son's,
And there before you stands his murderer.

Ment. Why stay I here? my lords! if you have
power

To give me reparation for the stain
Cast on my honor by this foolish process,
Pronounce it strait. If not, thus I withdraw,
From those vex'd eyes which glare with fury on
me. (*Going.*)

Dur. Soft you a while! for lo you, who comes
here,

Even to your wish to make all clear for you.

SCENE V. Camillo leading in Manoa.

Ment. (*Starting.*) Swallow me earth! he lives
but I must brave it.

Duke. Ha! can I trust my senses? Manoa!

Dur. The same, my lord! and by no miracle.

Duke. Yet things so strange are next to miracles,

And his appearance such. We thought him dead.
(*To Mentevole*) This is beyond your hopes.

Ment. Oh, much beyond them,

(*Aside.*) All curses of his nation light upon him!

Julia. (*Aside.*) The villain's cheek turns pale.
His fate has found him.

Duke. (*To Manoa.*) Surprise to see you here, no
way abates

Our pleasure at your welfare. Blushing deeply,
We own the state has wrong'd you, but soon pur-
pose,

To give you full redress.

Manoa.

My humblest thanks.

Duke. At present, we must set aside that care,
For one which now employs us. No more thanks;
We yet deserve them not. Come nearer still.

Take this. (*Gives him the picture.*) Examine it.
Do you remember,

(Observe them well) the jewels round that picture?

Manoa. Most sure, my lord! they are by no
means common,

But all, indeed, most choice and valuable.

Duke. They once were yours: who was their
purchaser?

Manoa. A noble youth, by whose untimely death,
Genoa has lost her brightest ornament.

Even in the depth of mine own misery,
My heart dropp'd blood, to hear the fate of Clau-
dio.

Duke. Did you at any time, (think ere you an-
answer)

Procure for any other purchaser,
Jewels like these?

Manoa.

Never, my lord!

Ment.

Out dotard!

Thy miseries have craz'd thy memory.

To me these gems were sold. Look on me well.

I was the friend of Claudio. Think, old man!

A noble person's life and reputation,

More dear than life, hang on the words you utter.

Manoa. I've said what I have said. Were my
soul's fate

Link'd

Link'd to the testimony, thus I stake it.
As I do hope forgiveness of my sins;
And peace in death, I never sold these gems,
Nor any like them, save to noble Claudio.

Duke. Hear you, my lord!

Ment. I hear a faithless Jew,
A slave suborn'd, a traitor to the state,
A bankrupt, fugitive, and outcast Hebrew,
Aver he knows not what; and, still more strange,
I see the credulous duke of Genoa,
The first in estimation as in place,
Gapeing to swallow monstrous perjuries.

Manoa. What int'rest, lords! have I to do this wrong?

I enter'd, uninstructed of the cause
For which you summon'd me. Nor know I now,
Why I am thus revil'd for my true answer.

Duke. It can avail you nought to disallow
The proof yourself appeal'd to.

Manoa. Mighty seigniors!
I have an attestation of my truth,
Beyond all oath, or sacred form of words.
Now fix your eyes: if I am not a liar,
There rests within this frame a spring conceal'd
With nicest art, and known to me alone,
And its first master: touch'd, it will discover
The noble Claudio's image. Ay, 'tis here:
Ill-fated youth! is this to be a liar?

(He touches a spring, and discovers a second picture of Claudio.)

All. *(Looking at Mentevole)* Guilt, guilt, as black as hell.

Ment. *(To Manoa.)* Destruction seize thee!
Cramps and cold palsies wither thy curs'd hand!
Thou hast undone me.

Duke. *(To Mentevole.)* Sir! you are our prisoner.

Julia. Give me that picture. Oh, my promis'd love!

This was thy form. Such grace was on thy brow,
The throne of honor. Gone, for ever, gone!
So look'd those glossy eyes, when turn'd on Julia.
Cold is that tongue. Come, animating warmth!
Breathe thro' my lips, give life to this dear shade,

And let me die thus gazing.

Duke. (*To Mentevole.*) You must hence,
And in our palace hear your dreadful sentence.
Bear him away this instant.

Ment. Stand aloof!
Nor raise a hand in violence against me,
Or with this steel, to mortal deeds devoted,
One stroke shall frustrate your formalities,
And the dark tale dies with me.

Duke. (*He draws a dagger.*) Hold! let's hear him.

Ment. I did kill Claudio. On the morn you miss'd him,

We took together our accustom'd walk,
When this too certain arm achiev'd the deed,
Which long lay brooding in my jealousy.

Fulvia. Deliberate, curs'd assassin!

Julia. Oh, my heart!

Ment. He talk'd with rapture of th' approaching bliss,

Till passion drown'd his sight. With eyes upcast,
Then drew that picture, hanging round his neck,
From underneath his garment, glew'd his lips,
With transport, to the beauteous lifeless form.
My smother'd fury rose at once to madness:
With one hand, from his grasp I tore the picture,

And with the other, smote him to the heart.

(*Julia faints.*)

Dur.

Dur. My daughter! ha! the blood forsakes her cheeks.

My life! my all! look up.

Fulvia. (*Running to her.*) Dear injur'd maid!
Live but to see my penitence, my tears,
Thou lovely sufferer! oh, wake, and hear me,
Alas! she heeds me not. My barb'rous tongue,
Sharp as the felon's steel was fatal to thee.
See, she revives.

Dur. Thank heaven, she breathes again.

Julia. Why have you call'd me back to this bad world,
From realms of bliss, to view this murderer?
The earth thou stalk'st on, sure should shake and tremble,

And fair creation wither at thy look.
Yet let me view thee near, and view thee well,
For I would find the speediest way to peace,
And in the hollow of thy cruel eye,
There must be mortal mischief, freezing horror,
To stop the tide of nature. Monster think!
Pain, ignominy, death, which wait thee here,
Will have their lengthen'd end, but to consign thee
To ever during misery hereafter.

Ment. My sentence here I know. The rest's uncertain,

But least of all, fair sorcerers! that tongue
Should aggravate the crime those eyes persuaded.
Why did I kill my friend? why, but for thee.
Why risk my soul's perdition? still for thee.
Why forfeit life and honor? all for thee.
Then where should I seek vengeance, but from thee?

And thus, insulted love, thus, bids me take it
(*He stabs Julia, and attempts to stab himself, but is prevented.*)

Julia. Ha!

Dur. Seize his arm! oh, execrable wretch!
Fly,

Fly, fly for succour. See, she bleeds, she dies.
The fiend has kill'd my daughter.

Duke.

Oh, dire deed!

Quick, bear him hence! each hour while he draws
breath,

All laws divine and human are insulted.

(Exit Duke.)

Ment. 'Tis done, I laugh at you, your triumph's
past.

See there, the last despair of outrag'd love.

Now drag me to your dungeons. Tire your code
To wake new torments for me. The great spirit,
That dar'd such deeds, shall brave their penalty.

(He is carried off.)

SCENE VI. *Manent* Durazzo, Fulvia, Julia,
Nerina.—*Julia is brought forward with a chair.*

Dur. Good heav'n! in pity to a father's an-
guish,

Let me not lose her thus. My child! my child!

Julia. The pain of this deep wound is light, my
father!

But, oh, to think that your declining age
Will want the comfort of a daughter's care,
That cold obedience must discharge the office,
Affection made so welcome to your Julia.

Dur. My heart's best blood, I shall not long sur-
vive thee.

Fulvia. Hide me, oh earth! I tremble so ap-
proach.

Has thy soft generous heart, one drop of mercy,
To fall upon a wretch, whose savage fury
Outrag'd thy virtues, pierc'd thy tender soul,
Mocking thy bitterest pangs? Oh, Julia, Julia!

(Kneeling.)

Julia. Rise, madam! rise! these supplicating
hands,

Your

Your streaming eyes, and that respected body,
Thus bow'd with grief, and grov'ling on the
earth,

Are sights unfit for her, whose dying beams
With tender reverence must still behold you.

Alas! resentment, at this awful moment,
Can find no place in my departing spirit:
For all will soon be peace.

Fulvia. Thou faint-like goodness!
Unmov'd I saw thy tears, saw the sweet blush
Of thy wrong'd innocence; for pity, hate me,
In life, in death, rise not so much above me.

Julia. Give me your hand: my last tears fall
upon it.

As these dissolving drops part from my eyes,
So melts the mem'ry of all past unkindness.

Fulvia. Oh could they quench my everlasting
shame!

SCENE VII. *To them Marcellus.*

Marc. (Without) I will not be with-held. Oh,
grief and horror!

Why, why did I obey? Thy cruel order
Kept me far off. My presence might have sav'd
thee.

The desp'rate ruffian in my faithful breast
Should first have drench'd his steel. 'These fruit-
less tears,

Are all I now can give thee.

Julia. Thus, 'tis better.
A life of sorrow, such, alas, was mine,
Is well exchang'd for bless'd eternity:
Thine, shall be long and happy.

Marc. Never, never.
Infinite woe, from this black hour, awaits me.
Yet, let me print on that pale, beauteous hand,
One sad adieu. Oh, that my soul could pass thus!
By every sacred pow'r that hears, I swear,

My

My lips, thus hallow'd by this holy kiss,
Shall ne'er again ———

Julia. (Eagerly.) As you regard my peace,
My last, my earnest pray'r, let no rash vow,
Blasting the hopes of all your noble race,
Replunge the dagger in my bleeding bosom.

Marc. Yet there are means of death.

Fulvia. (Turning to him.) My best Marcellus!

Julia. (To Fulvia) I beg you do not leave my
poor remains,

But lighten that sad office to my father.

Dur. Oh, misery!

Julia. (Taking papers from her breast.) These pa-
pers—pray, observe me:

Bury these papers with me: lay that picture
Close to my heart, and let my coffin rest

In the same tomb that holds my murder'd Clau-
dio.

One love, one death, and the same sepulchre.

I thank your tender tears. Fountain of mercy!

Calm peace, and heav'nly light dawn on my sense.

My pains grow less; this load will soon fall off.

I shall be happy—weep not.—mercy!—
oh!—

(Diss.)

(Curtain falls.)



F I N I S.

ace,

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(Diss.
falls.